

# MOONLIGHT MADNESS

By MOLLY McMASTER.

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Colgate was fagged both mentally and physically.

When inspiration had forsaken him he had held a counsel of suggestion with his cronies. It was Hapgood of the Musical Review, who had told him about the camp in the Adirondacks that would simply breathe into his listening ear all the melodies and shy whisperings that any music lover needed.

It took Colgate less than a week to make all preparation and locate himself among the songs of the mountain's glory. He moved about as a man in a dream. He was fearful lest he awake and find himself lying in his flat with the noise of a piano-player thumping the ceiling above him.

He was more than startled on a moonlit night to open his eyes slowly after a short siesta among the odoriferous balsam needles and see a slim, daintily clad girl standing gazing down at him.

"You have had quite a long sleep," she said softly. Colgate could not remember having heard a voice so wonderful.

"Who are you and where did you come from?" he questioned, rising quickly to his feet. Though convinced that he was dreaming still Colgate felt a strong desire to test the power of speech.

"If you ask questions I will never come again," was the answer he was given. "So long as your curiosity remains a negative quality I will visit the balsam grove every moonlit evening for half an hour."

"Give me your hand," demanded Colgate breathlessly.

"Isn't this rather sudden?" questioned the girl with a soft laugh.

"I only want to make sure that you are human," he told her.

"Humph!" murmured the girl, and slipped her fingers into his. He held them.

"Don't!" the girl cried with a startled gasp. Upon her immediate release she turned her emotion to laughter. "Am I human?" she questioned.

"Very, very human," Colgate said, and his breath came rather heavily. "And I will tell you right now that if you intend visiting this grove every moonlit night I will have to be more than human!"

Mocking laughter rippled from the girl's lips.

"In that case you would be as mad as the hero of a song I know. Shall I sing it to you?"

Colgate did not answer before she had burst into the opening phrase of his own ballad, "Moonlight Madness."

"The hero in the song was tempted to kiss the girl's lips because they were so softly red in the moonlight," remarked Colgate. "I am tempted, also, but I am not going to fall."

"That is very nice of you." The mocking laugh again fell from her lips, and she drew so near to Colgate that her rhythmic breathing seemed also to be his own.

"I wouldn't tempt him too far if I were you," he said, and smiled down at the girl's upturned face. "You are very, very lovely," he added. "If you laugh again as you laughed just now I think before retiring I could compose a ballad called 'Mocking Laughter.'"

The girl heaved a sigh. There was broken melody in her voice.

"I try to make you live up to a hero of a song, and all you do is think of more songs." She turned away from him. "I am going now and you are not to follow."

It was five o'clock in the morning when Colgate threw himself down on his bed, exhausted mentally and physically. The song was finished.

Slim wedges of moonbeams were filtering down through the balsam trees when Colgate waited impatiently for the girl to come.

"You have inspired me to write a very wonderful song," he told her and there was no conceit in his words. "It will resuscitate my wavering reputation."

"Oh! Can I have it first? Please, please let me sing it before anyone else!" In her enthusiasm she had put a slim hand on Colgate's arm. "I have sung all your songs successfully. I don't want to have the new one first."

"I can't talk rationally while your hand touches me," he said quietly. "If you continue to trespass on my coat sleeve you will have to suffer the consequences."

"And what are the consequences?" she asked and withdrew her hand.

"I will tell you before we go back to the city," Colgate answered, and wondered if ever a man in the whole of the world had fallen so suddenly and so wonderfully in love as he had.

"Is there a chance that you know Hapgood, of the 'Musical Review'?" he asked her.

The girl laughed. "He is my brother," she said, "and he told me to see that you did not lack inspiration while up here in the mountains. I come here always after the concert season. I do love it—!" Her voice broke when she saw the expression in Colgate's eyes and she would have fled save that his arms caught her swiftly and held her.

Colgate drew a sharp breath, then: "I am not going to lack inspiration—or love—or any wonderful emotion," he said against her lips. "And you are going to give them to me."

# PURELY PERSONAL

Mrs. Grant Green will go to Hopkinsville June 21, to spend several weeks with her aunt, Mrs. M. H. Nelson.—Louisville Herald.

Mrs. Elizabeth Keegan and daughter, Miss Mary, of Louisville, are visiting relatives in the city.

Mrs. R. S. King and little daughter, of Alabama, are visiting Mrs. F. C. Hille.

George Harlow, of Nashville, spent Sunday with his mother.

Miss Wanda Williams is visiting Mrs. G. E. Counzler in Greenville.

Hugh M. Skarry is back from school at Bardstown, Ky.

Miss Blanton Ashworth, of Memphis, Tenn., is the guest of Mrs. Frank Rives.

Saul Sacks has gone to the San Francisco Exposition.

Mrs. S. V. Todd, of Memphis, is visiting her mother, Mrs. J. W. Lander.

Mrs. Hugh J. Lander is visiting her parents at Campbellsburg, Ky.

Robt. Woodard, of Terre Haute, Ind., is visiting the family of his grandfather, Mr. E. M. Flack.

Joe Kelly, who is a clerk in the auditor's office of the M. K. & T. railroad at St. Louis, is here on his vacation.

Misses Ellen Davison and Ruth Haydon will go to Knoxville to normal school this week.

Mrs. W. J. Daniel and son, and Miss Ela Crute, of Cadiz, are visiting friends and relatives here this week.

Lee Roy Lawson, of Herrin, Ill., arrived here last night to visit his grandmother, Mrs. S. E. Lawson, on East 19th street.

# In Muffins.

This recipe was introduced to a certain household by a servant from Hungary. In Hungary, she explained, she used salt pork, but she found bacon better than pork.

She sifts a cupful and a half of flour with a teaspoonful and a half of baking powder, a teaspoonful of sugar and a half teaspoonful of salt. Then she adds a beaten egg, a teaspoonful of melted butter and half a cupful of sweet milk. After beating smooth she adds half a cupful of bacon. The bacon is first fried or broiled until crisp and then chopped and measured. The muffins are baked in hot muffin pans until done and they are eaten without butter. The bits of bacon throughout the muffins give sufficient flavor of the sort butter would supply.

# Auburn Molasses Cookies.

To one cupful of lard and butter mixed and melted allow two cupfuls of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved first in two tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Then beaten into the molasses until it foams two eggs, a pinch of salt, a tablespoonful of ginger and a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Add flour to mix very soft and let the dough stand for an hour before rolling out. Cut into cookies a quarter of an inch thick and bake in a rather hot oven until a rich brown.

# Pigeon Fricassee.

Cut eight pigeons into small pieces and put in a stewpan, with one pint of water and the same of claret. Season with salt, pepper, mace and onion, a bunch of herbs, a piece of butter in flour; cover close and let stew until there is just enough for sauce; then take out the onion and herbs, beat up the yolks of three eggs, push the meat to one side and stir them into the gravy. Keep stirring until sauce is thick, then put the meat in a dish and pour over it.

# Baked Oysters.

Put a round of toasted bread into a small baking cup or dish. Spread with butter and fill the cup with oysters. Season with salt, pepper and butter. Fill as many cups as required, place them in baking pan in the oven, cover with a pan and bake about ten minutes.

# A Tea Hint.

If a lump of sugar is put in the teapot when making tea it will prevent its spilling the table cover if spilled.

Dr. G. S. Willis of Morristown, N. J., must pay \$5,000 for kissing a woman patient.

# How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Make Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Advertisement.

# AS IN THE OLD DAYS

By MARY MARSHALL.

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"It's such a bore not to have coffee."

Tom Blake drew a long puff from his cigarette and then wearily watched the smoke as it circled over Julia's head. It had come to be a matter of fact for Tom and Julia Dawson to come off like this at the Blair parties and pass an hour in quiet in the broad sweeping veranda overlooking the sea.

Julia sat up erect and looked at Tom with the frankness of old acquaintance, the result of a friendship that had lasted through the days when Julia and Tom both left college several years before. "You are getting to be a miserable, grumpy old bachelor, Tom Blake."

"When a man is as old as I am he doesn't delude himself easily. I wish the Blairs would serve coffee. Who wants an ice without coffee even in July?"

"And you are miserable just because they didn't happen to have it? Why don't you go down to the hotel and get some if that is the way you feel? If anyone were at our cottage, I'd like you to come home now. Coffee is very simply concocted."

"I dare you, Julia." Tom tossed his cigarette off the veranda and stood beside her. "Don't refuse a dare, do you? I double dare you to let me go home with you now and make it. Remember how I used to dare you—dared you to kiss me once at our junior prom, and you were too good a sport to refuse. But kissing's gone out of fashion now, Julia. I triple dare you to make the coffee."

A minute later Julia, her light evening cape thrown around her shoulders, stole down the veranda steps with Tom. Just as they turned into the pathway that led into the cottage two neighbors passed. "It's Julia," one said, "and that Mr. Blake. No one's in the cottage, either. Funny of Julia to be there alone, and that Blake they say used to be in love with her once." Julia was fumbling with the keys and did not hear this, but Tom caught it.

Once in the house Julia dropped her wrap and started toward the dining room.

"Oh, forget the coffee!" Tom called after her. "That walk down here was all the bracer I needed. I didn't really mean that I was going to let you go to all that trouble."

It was perhaps because Julia turned and smiled over her shoulder as she hurried on to the dining room, and partly because the remark of the neighbor had brought back a flood of old recollections, that Tom rushed forward and caught Julia in his arms. But it was a very different Julia from the Julia he had kissed in his college days. She had been frightened and happy then. Now she was apparently unmoved. She drew away almost in anger.

"Tom!" there was deep reproof in her tone, "how could you?"

"But you used to let me. You know how you protested that night when we left college and didn't think we'd see each other for a whole long month afterward. But you yielded and then you cried in my arms at the thought of the separation. And now I am away from you a whole winter at a time and you don't give me a thought." He caught her again and kissed her as if none of the four intervening years had cooled his ardor.

Julia struggled against his arms. "It is unfair," she told him. "I accepted your dare thinking that you gave it in good faith, and now I find that it was just a ruse. Please go away at once. I don't mind being left here alone, but I refuse to stay alone with you."

"What if they did see? They could only think that I wanted to take you off by yourself where I could kiss you and tell you that I love you."

"But how unfair of you to suggest it just because I thought you wanted coffee and all the time you were planning—"

Tom drew the girl's slender figure toward him. "Julia, I didn't plan anything. I didn't dream I'd kiss you. I was a crusty old bachelor when I was at the Blairs. Coffee was the most important thing in life at that time. I'd forgotten the joy of touching your lips to mine. But it all came back in a flood of recollection. Julia, I think that the neighbors will talk about us. I think it will be all over the place, the scandal of the summer. In fact, I heard someone starting the gossip as we came in. Julia, you are dreadfully compromised—that is what they say, isn't it? You have been very indiscreet to let me come in this empty house with you, Julia." Tom was standing with his hands on Julia's shoulders holding her at arm's length from him. "Julia, the only square thing for me to do now is to insist on marrying you. That is the sort of talk that the part requires, isn't it?"

"You are laughing at me?" It was the old Julia and her cheeks were warm and her eyes had their old expectancy as Tom drew her to him again.

"I am in earnest, too," said Tom. "The old days have come back, and we're going to start out where we left off and forget about the coffee and the grumpy old bachelor days."

# Mogul Farm Trucks

## BUILT IN THREE SIZES

FROM

\$26.00 to \$44.00

## IDEAL FOR HAULING WHEAT AND OTHER FARM PRODUCTS

We Now Have On Display

50 Sizes and Styles of Mogul Wagons

# SILOS

Now is the time to place your order for a SILO. Come in and let us show you the LATEST IMPROVED SILO.

# FORBES MFG. CO.

Incorporated.

## Fire-Blight.

Fire Blight is undoubtedly the most serious disease that confronts the Kentucky fruit grower to day. San Jose Scale is no longer dangerous when trees are properly sprayed. The aphid is easily controlled as are all the other greatly feared troubles of the past. After all other orchard troubles have been successfully met and conquered, it is very discouraging to see a promising crop of fruit ruined in a short time. In fact blight has been termed the Great Black Plague of the fruit industry. It has been estimated that it carries an annual loss of \$25,000,000 to the country.

Blight is a preventable disease and in view of the tremendous losses occasioned by it, a systematic effort should be made to check it.

Pears are more subject to attack than are any of the other fruits. In fact the writer would not urge the planting of commercial pear orchards in Kentucky for the time being, until more definite means of control have been worked out. Certain varieties of apples are more susceptible than others and it is well for a grower to consider this point in making an extensive planting.

Blight is caused by a minute germ or organism that lives during the dormant season in cankers, resulting from infection the previous season. The cankers are formed at the base of the fruit spurs, on the branches and in extreme cases on the larger limbs and trunk of the tree. Every fruit grower should acquaint himself with the appearance of the canker and destroy it as soon as noticed. If every canker could be disposed of, blight could be held in control.

Blight usually appears shortly after the blossoming period and is first noticed when the blossoms and tips begin to wilt and blacken. Often the tips of the branches only are effected. In other instances it may extend down the twig or branch, killing it as it progresses. The twigs and leaves appear as if they had been scorched by fire, hence the term fire-blight.

It is almost impossible to cut out all the diseased tissue on a badly

blighted tree during the growing season. Fire-Blight is a problem involving the community, hence an organized effort should be made to check it. Learn to recognize the disease in its various stages, clean up the orchard and encourage your neighbor to do the same thing.

Do not be misled regarding the so-called "blight cures." There is no patent cure and no one should ever attempt to cure blight by spraying, inoculation, or soil doctoring. Insects, particularly aphids and ants, spread blight. Use the sprays against these if necessary.

J. H. CARMOCY,  
Extension Horticulturist.

## Mack Making Good.

O. A. McArthur, pitching for Grand Rapids against Wheeling in the Central league last Tuesday, won a double header, shutting out his opponents in the opening game 2 to 0, allowing only two hits, and winning the second 11 to 4. Mack is making good in the Central.

## Licensed Here.

Rev. E. A. Cottrell, who entered the ministry here, has accepted a call to the Guthrie Baptist church.

**DR. BEAZLEY**  
Specialist  
(Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.)

A bride's dressing room is to be provided at a church in Madison avenue, New York.

## McDermott at Trenton.

Trenton, Ky., June 18.—Lieutenant Governor E. J. McDermott of Louisville, candidate for the democratic nomination for governor, spoke here last night, in the interest of his candidacy, addressing an audience that comfortably filled Ware's opera house, many ladies being present. Mr. McDermott spoke along previous lines. He defended his acts as lieutenant governor and speaker of the senate. He advocated a greater Kentucky by the passage of good laws, and planted himself firmly for the county unit as against statewide prohibition.

Itching piles provokes profanity but profanity won't remove them. Doan's Ointment is recommended for itching, bleeding or protruding piles. 50c at any drug store. Advertisement.

## Italian Army Officers.

Rome, June 21.—The following nominations of prominent men as officers in the Italian army were published last night:

"Guglielmo Marconi as a lieutenant in the aeroplane corps; Gabriele d'Annunzio, the poet, as a lieutenant of Nova alancers; Prince La zza di Sessa, under secretary of state for foreign affairs as a lieutenant of Florence lancers."

**Children Cry**  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
CASTORIA

# EXPOSITION TRAINS

Mrs. P. E. West's Radnor Travel Club increases in number and interest daily. People are enrolling readily for Pike's Peak, Crystal Park trips and reduction on ticket.

TIME IS EXTENDED TO 25TH OF JUNE.

Everybody enrolling by that time will have these extras. This \$5 enrollment is applied on your ticket and if for any reason you fail to go, money is refunded. If you do not care to take these two extra trips Radnor will give you \$5 for Pike's Peak and \$2.50 for Crystal Park coupons. Enroll now and save \$10 on your trip, go later. Scenic Trip \$160. Busy Man's Trip \$130.

Telephone 430.